

SEPTEMBER 24, 1928

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life

PEDESTRIANS' NUMBER



Get off the earth!



8 Men out of 10 Picked the Duofold Blindfolded

From 11 New Pens of Different Makes

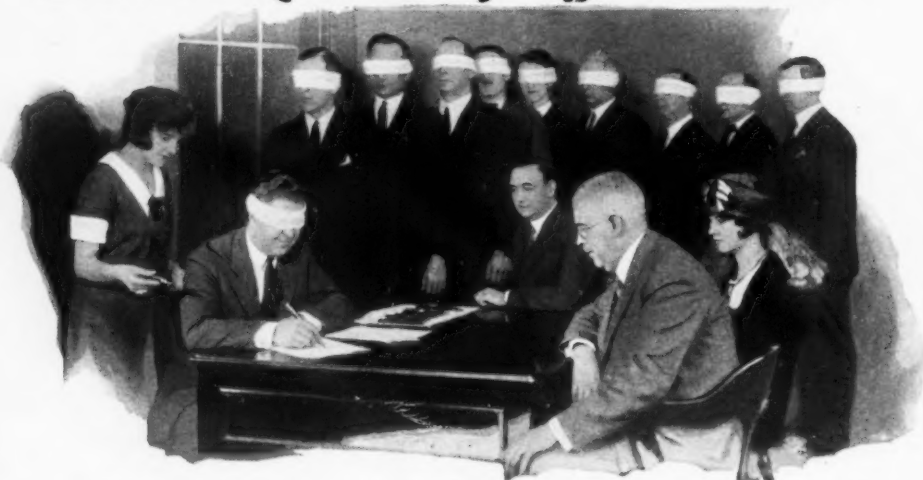


Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager



Choose
Your Point

Extra-fine
Fine
Medium
Broad
Stub
Oblique



"I believe that the hand can tell this super-smooth writer sight unseen,"
declared a Duofold owner — and he proved it!

YES, ten men, chosen at random, agreed to make this test and were blindfolded. One by one, in the presence of several witnesses, they were handed 11 large new pens of different makes, obtained from pen dealers' stocks.

Each man wrote with all 11 pens, one by one, on an ordinary note pad. And one by one he laid them all aside until only a single pen remained in his hand — the pen he ranked as the smoothest, most inspiring writer.

Then the blindfold was removed. And man after man, with but two exceptions, glanced down to behold in his hand the flashing black-tipped lacquer-red Parker Duofold, with the point guaran-

teed, if not misused, for 25 years.

Never before a pen selection so unbiased as this. No one behind a counter to urge this pen or that. Not even the Duofold's famed name or handsome color visible, to sway the hand's Simon-pure judgment.

You, too, can tell this super-smooth point with your eyes shut. Step to the nearest pen counter now and try it. A point no style of writing can distort. A point guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear!

And a balanced Over-size barrel that gives you that easy full-handed grip, and holds enough more ink to tide you over until the job is done.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO Duofold Pencils to match the pens: Lady, \$3 SAN FRANCISCO
Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA
THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker *LUCKY CURVE*
Duofold *OVER-SIZE*
\$7
With The 25 Year Point
Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5
Same except for size With ring for chatelaine

Red and Black
Color
Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile"

"It's a Great Automobile"



*MUD or MACADAM
- it's all the same to a Marmon*

MARMON safety, Marmon's sheer adequacy, Marmon's infallibility and unfailing trustworthiness are now available in a complete line of five New Marmon Standard Closed Cars at practically open car price. The body lines and coloring are new—refreshingly so—but the chassis and engine represent years of concentration on a single type, progressively refined and improved.

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FOR every age and every station—for men, women, and children—the New Remington Portable is an invaluable helper.

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Remington Portable

*We believe we make the best typewriter
ribbon in the world—and its name is*
PARAGON



Thoughts of a Floorwalker

PHYSICIANS one and all advise
That walking's healthful exercise.
That's why no doctor's ever found
Driving a motor car around.

* * *

Perhaps what doctors say is true
And walking's good for me and you.
Well, *you* may think it's pretty slick,
But as for me, it makes me sick!

* * *

'Tis sport, the golfer thinks he thinks,
To drill five miles around a links.
The mountain climbers love, they say,
To scramble up high cliffs each day.
Still others like to run and leap—
And this when Packard's are so cheap.

* * *

Some can't resist the lure that jazz
To prance about a ballroom has.
A radio and a couch, for me,
And Mister Massenet's *Élégie*.

* * *

Hiking suits, madam? Up one flight.
The elevator's on the right.

* * *

That famous war song, "Tramp!
Tramp! Tramp!"

Was written in a prison camp.
The author starts his well-known hit
With, "In the prison cell I sit—"
And then his cogitations roam
To thoughts of mother and of home,
Entirely forgetting that
At least, the lucky stiff, he sat.

Baron Ireland.

My Husband Says

THAT it seemed incredible that I could devote so much morbid thought to the hang of a bunch of ostrich feathers attached to a yard of chiffon when going to see and hear two humans pledging themselves to each other for quite some time.

But I really felt awfully discouraged.

I could have had a lovely *new* gown if we hadn't had to buy so many wedding presents, and I went through so much while selecting that last one that it seemed a real luxury to worry about my own feathers.

I looked at simply seas of things and decided on a huge silver pheasant, but you can't get a very large one for thirty-five dollars.

Personally, I'd much prefer a parrot, but my husband said maybe the bride would be so busy getting settled that she wouldn't have time to take care of a parrot.

He says they are worse than hens, but I think they are ever so entertaining and one gets so tired of talking to just a man all the time.

So I bought a stunning French mirror with silhouettes on gold at the top.

My husband said he hoped the silhouettes would get by the censor and, anyhow, when the bride looked in the mirror she would be sure to see *something* she liked.

L. B. S.



Handsome Mahogany-finish Bookcase—FREE

Now Ready!

New large printing

Encyclopaedia Britannica

in the New Form

At an Amazing Reduction in price!

TODAY you can obtain the Encyclopædia Britannica, printed in large type from the authentic Cambridge plates, complete and unabridged, at a reduction of 46%. And with each set a handsome mahogany-finish bookcase is given free while this offer lasts.

This unique opportunity is made possible because we have just completed a large new printing of the Britannica in the New Form, the most popular issue of this or any similar work ever published.

The publication of this New Form marks an epoch in the history of the Britannica. Its success is unprecedented. In all the history of publishing, we believe, there is no record to compare with it. Within less than twelve months,

three huge printings have been sold. Now a fourth printing of 10,000 sets is just being received from the binders.

This means that we can now offer you one of these wonderful complete sets, the latest edition in large, easy-to-read type, for 46 per cent less than the Cambridge issue which is famous throughout the world. Here is the ideal Britannica at a price so low everyone can afford it.

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A very small first payment will put the complete set of 16 double volumes and bookcase in your home immediately and you can pay the balance in easy monthly payments, so small that they will never be missed.

Seize this opportunity before it is too

late! The time is now—it is the opportunity for which you have been waiting. So make sure of your set. Before you turn the page, send the attached coupon for free booklet (it commits you in no way) and we will mail you full particulars of this wonderful offer.

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The story of the New Form is a story of a unique idea involving revolutionary changes in the publication of the Britannica. This idea was the logical outcome of years of experience; it crystallized the recommendations of thousands of users and owners.

Our object was to produce the Britannica in a New Form with these specifications—and they have been carried out to the letter:

- 1—Large type, easy to read.
- 2—Complete and latest text.
(Nothing omitted, nothing altered.)
- 3—Fully illustrated.
(All the original plates, maps, etc.)
- 4—Sweeping reduction in price.

First of all, we made a striking innovation. It was decided to bind this issue of the Britannica in 16 double volumes instead of 32 single volumes. That one change enabled us to save nearly 50% of the binding cost.

This innovation was made possible by the use of the famous Britannica Opacity Paper, which is very thin but beautifully white and opaque.

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The Encyclopædia Britannica is the one book you cannot afford not to own. Within its 33,000 pages you will find the quintessence of the world's knowledge.

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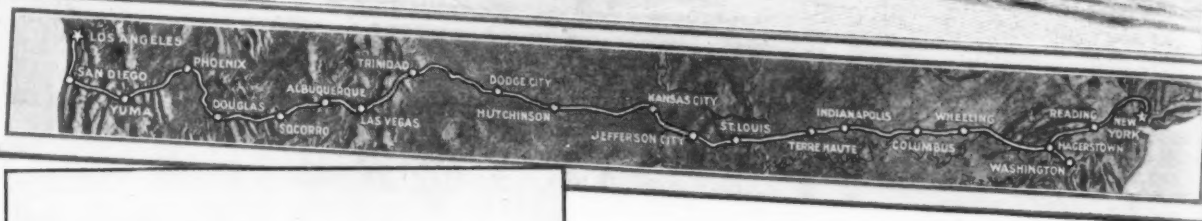
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Address.....

Mahogany-finish bookcase free while this offer lasts!



—from Lieutenant Wade's
Letter to Alvan Macauley, President
Packard Motor Car Co.

New York, N. Y.,

**** I would never have attempted such a trip in any other car but the Packard Eight, for I know that the Packard is the only car equipped with the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier.

**** These devices enabled us to drive the entire 3,965 miles without once changing oil or leaving the driver's seat to lubricate the chassis. To them, and the wonderful Packard Eight motor which never faltered in the 165 hours and 50 minutes continuous driving, I attribute the success of the run.

**** We have suffered no after effects from strain. This is a real tribute to the ease with which the car was handled and its riding qualities. ****

The car came through with a perfect score. We had no mechanical difficulties of any kind. I believe we could have turned right around and driven back to Los Angeles without stopping either car or motor.

Leigh Wade

SEVEN DAYS Without a Stop!

Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flier, accompanied by Linton Wells, his "aerial stowaway" on the flight, recently drove his own Packard Eight from Los Angeles to New York, 3,965 miles, without once allowing either the motor or the car to come to a stop.

The mileage covered was eight times as great as any ordinary car should be driven without change of motor oil. Yet thanks to the motor oil rectifier an analysis of the motor oil at the finish showed 98% pure lubricant.

The chassis was thoroughly lubricated while the car was in motion by a mere pull of a plunger every hundred miles.

Wade's spectacular trip impresses what the owners of 20,000 new series Packard cars already know—that the chassis lubricator and the oil rectifier mean longer life of parts, smooth, quiet operation and uninterrupted service.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Life

Curbed—A Drama

SCENE: *The intersection of a main and vigorous thoroughfare.*

TIME: 1930, or earlier.

(*There are vast numbers of people, automobiles, delivery trucks, taxi drivers, Fisher bodies, and others represented in this play. But there are only three real characters. You will easily recognize them.*)

FIRST TIMID PEDESTRIAN: Beautiful avenue.

SECOND TIMID PEDESTRIAN: Exquisite. (*Two cars crash, informally.*)

1ST T. P.: Exciting, too. (*Windscreens tinkle gayly.*)

2ND T. P.: I love to watch it. Been here long?

1ST T. P.: No. Only five or six hours.

2ND T. P.: Oh, you've just come.

1ST T. P. (*nods*): Just. How's it going?

2ND T. P.: Uptown.

1ST T. P.: The morale, I mean.

2ND T. P. (*sadly*): Gone.

1ST T. P.: No luck at all?

2ND T. P. (*reminiscently*):

Not much. I stepped off the curb once. (*Boasting now.*) A fellow got clear across yesterday.

1ST T. P. (*enthusiastically*): What did he look like?

2ND T. P.: I don't know. They took him away on a stretcher.

1ST T. P.: Lucky egg!

2ND T. P.: Not so awfully. He lived on this side.

1ST T. P.: H'm, seen the Bulletin?

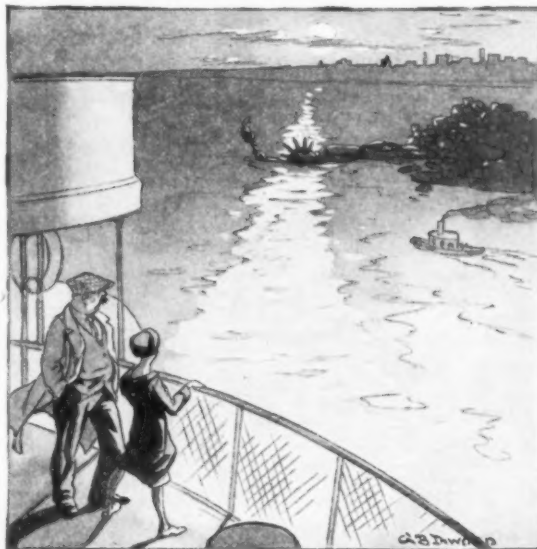
2ND T. P.: No. (*They read.*) "Traffic conditions for to-day remain unsettled. To-morrow, light showers of pedestrians."

1ST T. P.: Rather monotonous, eh?

2ND T. P.: Exactly. You feel so out of it all.

(*The lights change. STOPANDGO, the traffic cop, parts the six-cylinder sea and crooks a digit at the cowering pedestrians.*)

STOPANDGO: Now-w-w you!



"HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY?"

"DIDN'T YOU HEAR? AN OCEAN LINER RAN OVER IT."

(*There is a frightful stampede. Our heroes are the last to move.*)

1ST T. P.: Yes, so out of it. (*Faintly.*) I like to be in the middle of things. (*Halfway over.*) I—

The lights change softly, insidiously. The sea closes again. For a minute the traffic roars on. There is the shrill sound of an ambulance gong as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

David McCord.

Pedestrian Polly

DID I hear you say Pedestrians' Number, Mr. Editor? Well, don't leave me out! I'm one of the best little pedestrian numbers ever! I've walked home from more automobile rides than nobody's business!

I started in first with Chevrolets and wound up with Mack trucks. But they're all alike. After a while my slogan got to be "From Mack to macadam."

Last summer I and my girl-friend went on a hitch-hike to the Adirondacks. But it was mostly hike. We met two big salesmen coming along in a re-paint Buick and asked them for a lift. Well, after two miles we got it—out.

For all those road-sheiks want to kiss you. Every time I step into a machine I somehow feel that my neck's next. Some of them would even neck a giraffe! But I'm not built that way. I'd much rather get out and walk. I'm what you might call the Great Heeler.

Why do I accept auto rides from strangers? Well, I guess it's just for the thrill of it. Last Sunday we were picked up by a big Marmon on the Boston Post-Mortem Road and were going so fast we broke seventy-five. Red-hot Marmon! We were thrown out! The brakes are always against us.

Say, Mr. Editor! I can sympathize with that girl who was swimming the Channel. She shouldn't have accepted a ride on that boat in the first place!

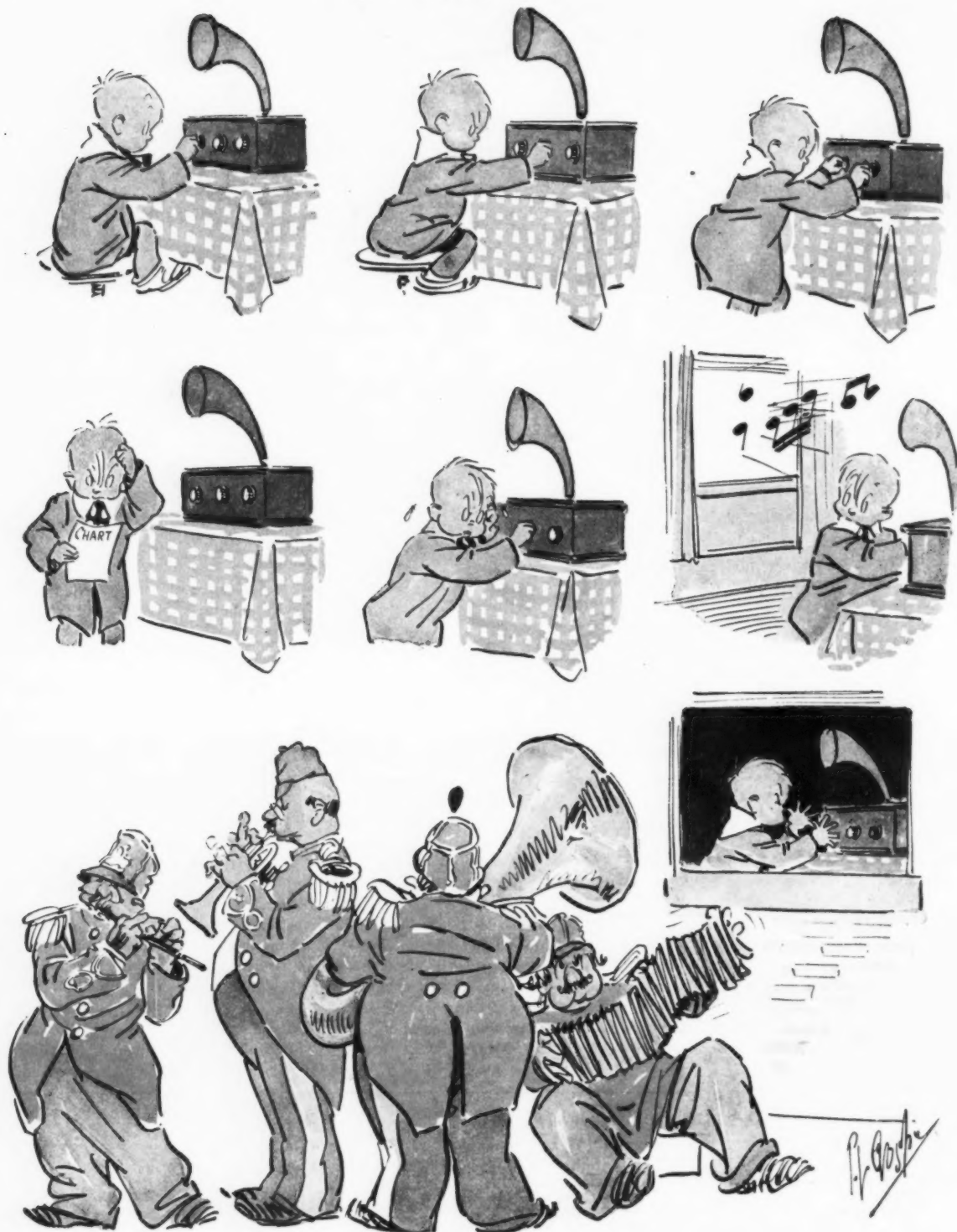
Max Lief.

THERE are only two kinds of liars in a smashup: both drivers.

A Brief History of the Human Race

Vol. I: 50,000 B.C.





Skippy

He gets his DX at close range



A Noted Traveler Returns

(The scene is laid in Buckingham Palace, England, at a considerable time in the future. The doorbell rings.)

QUEEN MARY: Land o' Goshen! Who kin that be? Why, it's after ten o'clock! Tchh! Tchh! (She goes to the door.) DAVE!

PRINCE OF WALES: Hello, Ma. Howdy, Pa.

KING GEORGE: Howdy, son. Where you been all this time?

PRINCE: Oh, hikin' round. Africa—South America—

QUEEN: Land o' the livin'! Why didn't you drop us a line?

PRINCE: Well, I sort of thought maybe you'd see some of the squibs the papers had about me. (Proudly.) Got a regular scrap-book full of them. Gettin' famous, Pa.

KING: I swan! I certainly do swan!

PRINCE (a trifle deprecatingly): 'Course, I didn't walk all the way. Found folks mighty kind. Automobiles, elephants, camels—

QUEEN (anxiously): No hosses, I hope, Dave?

PRINCE (changing subject): Nothin' like travel to broaden a fellow. An' say, Ma, the world's a small place after all. Who you think I met in Africa? Smuts! I saw this fellow, and I says to myself, "That man's face is certainly familiar, but durned if I can place him." And then it come over me all of a sudden. General Smuts! So I go up to him, and what think? He reckernized me right away!

KING: I vum! I absolutely vum!

PRINCE: So nothin' would do but he

must crank up his car and take me all around, callin' on the neighbors. So then I caught a boat to South —

QUEEN: My stars! What am I thinkin' of? Dave, you must be famished! Hulda's gone to bed, o' course, but you come right out in the kitchen and I'll fix you up a cold snack.

(They leave. King George tiptoes to the door and closes it. He draws a frayed cigar from his pocket, moistens the wrapper and lights it, with a sigh of satisfaction, carefully blowing the smoke out of the window, and dropping the ashes in the stove.)

Tip Bliss.

SIGN in Railroad Station—"When in doubt consult the Uninformed Attendants."



"I'LL BETCHA THOSE WOODS ARE FULL OF PEDESTRIANS!"



FIVE Chicago men have been arrested as Florida land swindlers. Police report they have a clew to the identity of the other 999,995.

┐

With all these idle coal miners, no college football coach should complain about the material this season.

┐

The movement against commercialism in football ought to take note of the

practice of selling chrysanthemums before the game for one dollar each, and after the game for what-have-you.

┐

The survivors of QUANTRELL'S band of desperadoes held a reunion recently in Kansas City for the purpose of discussing the good new days.

┐

A Calcutta woman has been awarded a 35,000 rupee verdict in the first

breach-of-promise case to be heard by the British Privy Council. Calcutta appears to be a promising field for the establishment of the next tabloid newspaper.

┐

The tabloid idea is spreading. In England they have started a magazine written and edited entirely by lunatics.

┐

Dr. WALTER N. KOELZ, naturalist of the MacMillan Arctic expedition, remarks that "the status of the Mandts Guillemot *Cephus Mandts* has been established as a subspecies of *cepheus grylle*." Unfortunately, this important news comes too late, the crossword puzzle craze having died on its feet.

┐

We are pleased to report that, at the present writing, conditions in the United States have attained normalcy. The annual coal strike is on, and BABE RUTH has broken training again.

┐

The French War Debt mission to the United States is composed of eight politicians and two bankers, a graceful French way of acknowledging the relative value of these two types of citizens.

┐

The news dispatches quote M. CAILLAUX as being confident of success in Washington. (Hint to the *New Yorker*: An optimist, my son, is a French Minister of Finance who goes to Washington confident of anything.)

┐

In the course of the Mayoralty campaign in New York, Governor AL SMITH intimated that WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST was an immoral character, and Mr. HEARST replied that AL SMITH was a Bowery bum. Mayor Hylan described the attacks against him with the fragrant words, "venom and applesauce."

The trouble with New York, according to official opinion in Emporia, Kan., is that it's too darned high-brow.

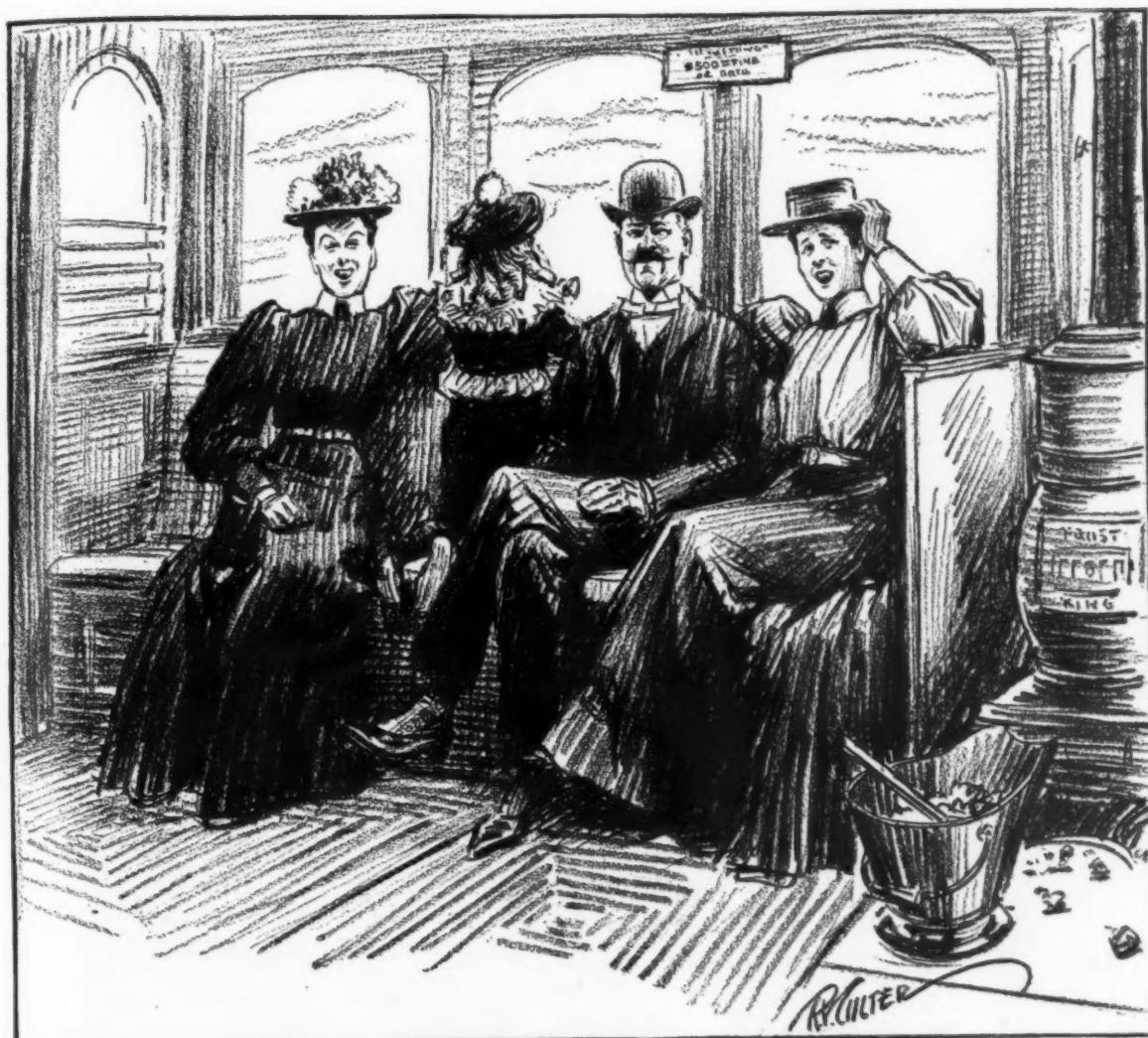
┐

Between yawns while nodding over the political propaganda, we have come to the conclusion that it was the straw vote that broke the camel's back.



THE TEST OF VALOR

"MY FATHER'S A HERO AND BELONGS TO THE MARINES."
"THAT'S NOTHING—MY POP'S A PEDESTRIAN."



THE GAY NINETIES

A RED-LETTER SUNDAY'S OUTING. TAKING THE NEW TROLLEY OUT PAST THE WATER WORKS TO THE END OF THE LINE AND BACK. THIS WAS NOT SO TAME AS IT SOUNDS; FOR, BETWEEN SWITCHES, THE WHINING, SWAYING, PITCHING TROLLEY OF THE NINETIES WAS REALLY THE DADDY OF THE HAIR-RAISING MODERN ROLLER-COASTER. AND WHEN IT HITCHED ITSELF PERILOUSLY AROUND A CORNER AT TOP SPEED IT WAS CONSIDERED PERFECTLY PROPER FOR LADIES TO SCREAM—IN FACT, IT WAS ALMOST COMPULSORY.

Why Speeders Speed

AS a result of careful and exhaustive investigations into the causes and effects of speeding, we are able to offer the following summary bearing on the subject:

347 motorists who plastered themselves and their cars against the sides of express trains were hurrying in order to get home in time to feed the goldfish at its regular hour.

41,502 drivers who ran over pedestrians stated that they were dashing to the drug store to get a mustard plaster for their little girl's pet doll.

11,021 reckless drivers explained that they stepped on it to avoid being rammed by the car behind.

135,447 drivers participating in crashes said that it was a hot day and they were merely starting a breeze for the benefit of the poor people along the streets who had no cars.

1 driver charged with exceeding the statutory speed limit admitted frankly that he had no excuse, but it was afterwards discovered that he was a mental defective, which entirely discounted the force of his admission.

R. K. Hall.

THE first sign of autumn: the migration of the cooks from the outlying districts.



Triumphant Pedestrian: NOT A CHANCE!

The Pioneer

JUDGE HENDERSON was the first man in our town to wear a Palm Beach suit, only they called 'em linen suits then. He put on a fresh one every Monday, and day by day the trousers took on a few more cross creases, till they looked like a pair

of Japanese lanterns. You could always tell what day it was by counting the wrinkles in the Jedge's pants.

"WHAT church is that?"
"That's the First Page Baptist."

Pro Bono Publico

Before

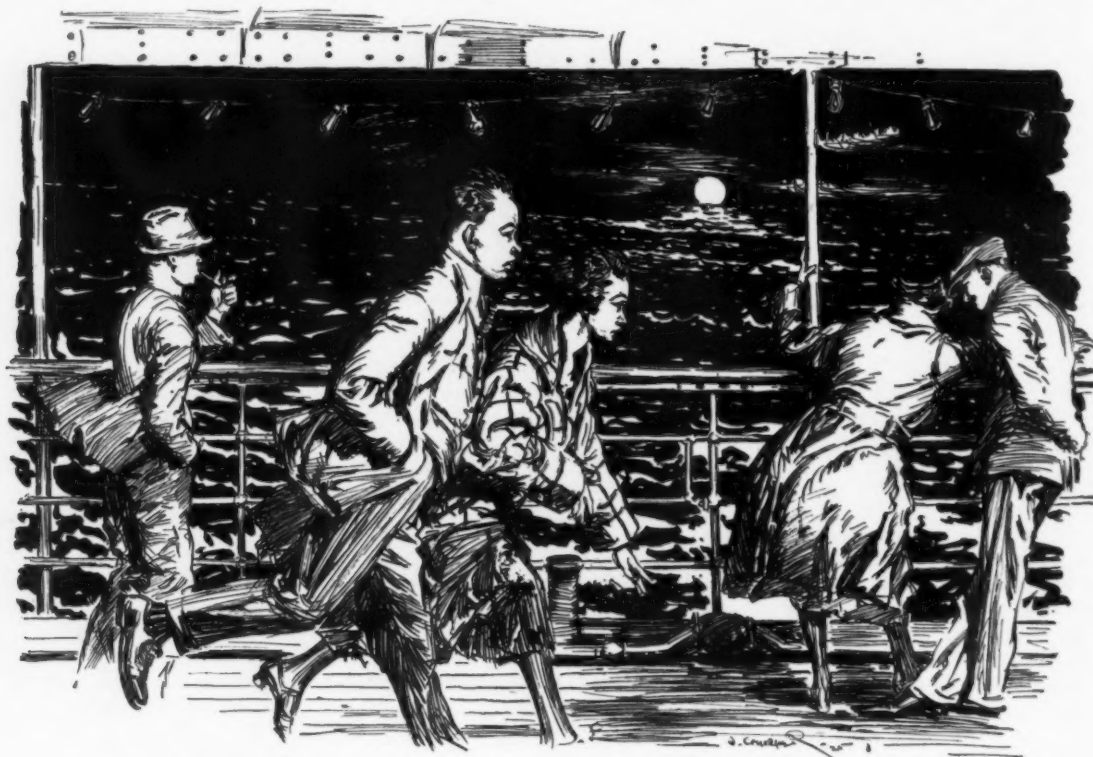
OH, the Ford makes way for the Chevrolet,
And the Chevrolet dodges the Olds,
The Olds turns back for the Cadillac,
And the Cadillac bows to the Rolls.
But I must kneel to the siren's squeal
And cross the road with a prayer,
And I'd like to assist ev'ry ———*
motorist
To the well-known electrified chair.

After

Well, I've made my pile, and I travel
in style
In the niftiest car in the town,
But it makes me weep when I try to
keep
From running pedestrians down.
Dunno how come they can be so dumb;
They're a menacing national curse,
And I'll cheerfully buy ev'ry ———*
sluggish guy
A commodious motorized hearse.

Tip Bliss.

*Appropriate adjective on application.



He: YES, I SUPPOSE I DO KNOW A GOOD DEAL ABOUT THE SEA. FOR INSTANCE, ELEVEN TIMES AROUND THIS SHIP IS A MILE.

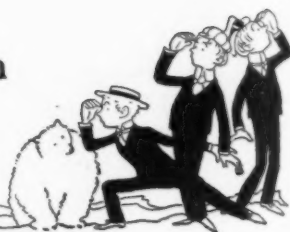


"GOD HELP THE POOR PEDESTRIANS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!"



• LIFE • The Rollo Boys Up North

By Corey Ford



An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole



"WELL, I'M SURE
GLAD I FELL IN
WITH YOU, BROTH-
ER," SMILED MR.
GURRY AFFABLY.

"DICK! Tom!"
"Tom! Harry!"
"Harry! Dick!"
"Stop!" cried Dick suspiciously; and taking out a sheet of white paper he wrote down: "Dick! Tom!" "Tom! Harry!" and "Harry! Dick!" He then added them together and divided through by Tom. "The result is Harry and Dick," he said seriously. "Tom cancels."

"Perhaps we lost Tom when he fell out of this aeroplane just now," mused Harry soberly. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen him since."

"Which way did he go?" pondered Dick, as they turned back to look.

"I'm not sure," replied Harry thoughtfully, "but I think he started straight down. I know he was in quite a hurry."

"This must be the spot where he fell out," exclaimed Dick, halting the aeroplane and pointing to a large "X" chalked on the side of the car. "Tom!" he called, peering over the side.

"Look!" whispered Harry, clutching his brother's arm and pointing to another aeroplane which was bound in the same direction they were going. The fact that they didn't know which way they were going only made them more suspicious.

"Let us catch up with him," urged Harry. "Perhaps he is following us!"

"How about Tom?" queried Dick. "Does he know the way?"

"He can always find us in the chapter ahead," replied Harry, as the two planes sped toward the North Pole.

CHAPTER 102

MEANTIME Tom Rollo was falling rapidly through the air; and as he sped down he grabbed his hat and leaned far over, peering at the ground below. "Well, I guess it's all up with me from now on!" smiled the fun-loving Rollo to himself; and several passing eagles chuckled at his witty sally. On fell poor Tom.

CHAPTER 103

AS the two speeding Rollo Boys drew closer to the fleeing plane, they spied a familiar figure. "Dan Barsted!" ejaculated Harry. "He is trying to beat us to the Pole!"

"Halt!" cried Dick, emptying a volley of bullets at the plane and handing Harry the empty volley to refill.

"In the pig's hip-pocket I will!" retorted Dan Barsted; and watching his chance he looked daggers at his pursuers, one of which punctured their rear tire, leaving them flat. Down they

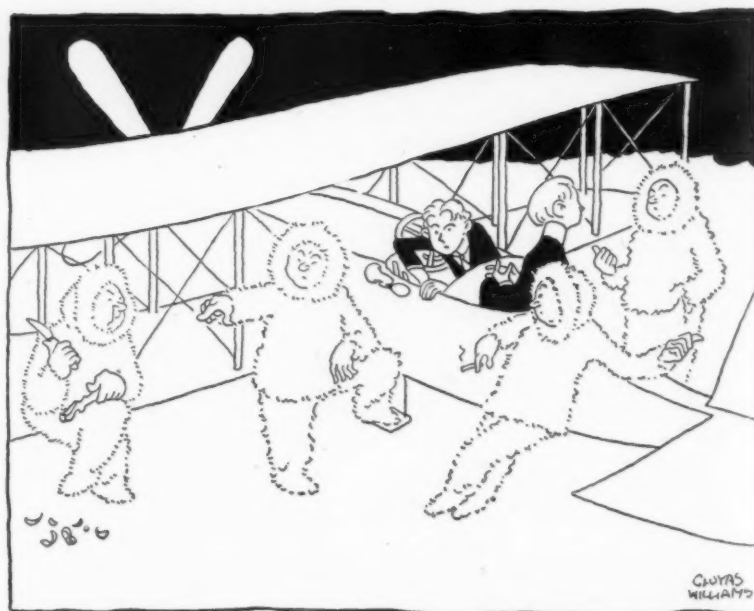
circled helplessly toward the snow-covered ground, and as they came to a halt in the land of the Midnight Sun and dismounted from their planes, they were at once surrounded by the inquisitive natives, who clambered over the machine in their childlike curiosity, examining each part minutely.

"Better get those valves ground and the carburetor cleaned," remarked the first Eskimo. "I'd advance that spark a little," advised the second aborigine. "Your mixture's pretty rich, son," said a third native.

"How do we get to the North Pole?" interrupted Dick seriously.

"The North Pole? Let me see," mused the first Eskimo. "I'd say take the first turn to your right and then on three blocks and then two to your left, and that would land you in Peary Avenue, wouldn't it, George?"

"Naw; he wants to take the second turn, and swing around past the igloo with the red roof—"



"I'D SAY TAKE THE FIRST TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND THEN ON THREE BLOCKS AND THEN TWO TO YOUR LEFT."

"Or else—hold on a minute, George, he can go straight up, and across, and over, and then down—"

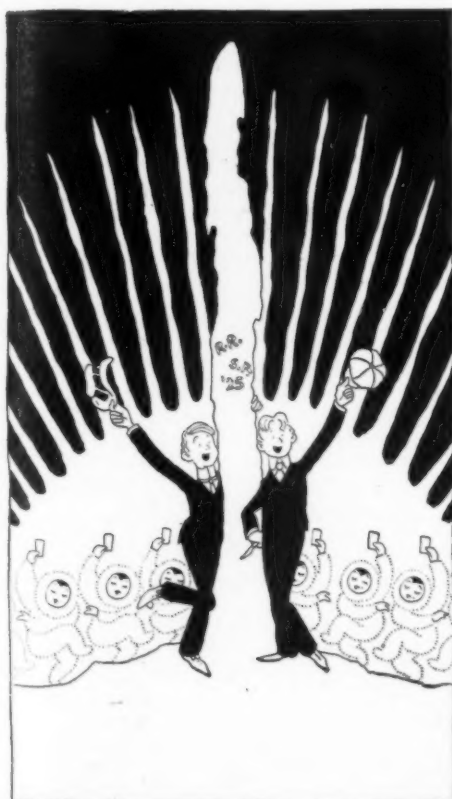
"Yeh, he can do that, too," admitted the second Eskimo, "only be sure to turn off at the third Blubber Stand."

"Thank you," said Dick politely, as the Rollo Boys set out in search.

CHAPTER 104

WHILE the fun-loving Rollo sped on downward through the air, the sun slowly sank in the west, and his shadow lengthened on the ground below him. "Shoot!" muttered Tom to himself. "Looks as if night would fall before I do."

As it grew rapidly darker, Tom halted in a convenient air-pocket. "Guess I'd better get some sleep," he thought. "I have a long fall ahead of me to-morrow," and he rolled comfortably in his blankets. "Nothing like sleeping in the night air," sighed Tom blissfully; and for a long time he lay on his stomach, staring at the stars, before he dropped off.



"HURRAY FOR THE ROLLO BOYS!"

CHAPTER 105

AS dawn broke over the ice-fields, Dick and Harry Rollo gazed at the beautiful scene which met their eyes. Across the ice darted hundreds of Eskimo girls in fluffy white, while the sharp ring of their skates mingled with the hoarse grunts of polar bears which were balancing on red and gold barrels, while a tall man in the center cracked his whip.

"Pardon me," inquired Harry, "but which way is south?"

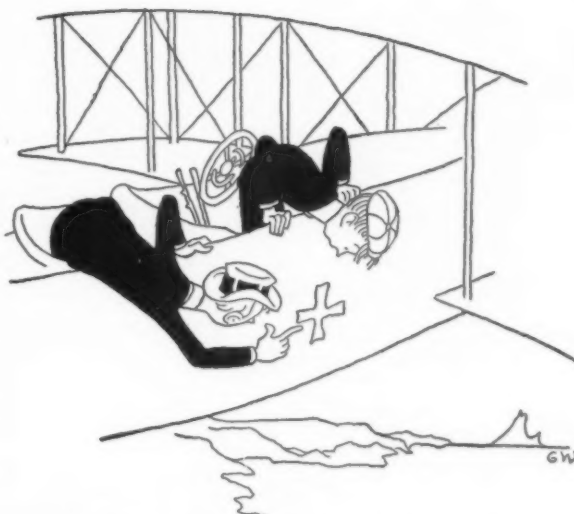
"There," replied the Eskimo girls, pointing in every direction.

"Then we are at the North Pole!" cried Dick, as he and Harry ran eagerly to carve their initials in the famous column.

"Hurrray for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the Eskimo girls, raising their brimming glasses of Clicquot in the air and cheering lustily, while the Northern Lights blazed in the sky and seven trained seals advanced over the ice bouncing off the tips of their noses large red globes appropriately lettered W, E, L, C, O, M, and E; when whirr-rr-rrr! came a sudden ominous roar; and Dan Barsted sped toward them, seized the treasured initials they had just cut in the Pole, thrust them in his pocket, and disappeared over the horizon with a hollow laugh.

CHAPTER \$105.98

MEANWHILE Tom had awakened bright and early, and started again on his downward flight. He was rapidly growing accustomed to his fall, and even amused himself by stopping and starting suddenly, or occasionally calling: "Eighteen out!" and then paying no attention to himself.



"THIS MUST BE THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL OUT."

At the eleventh floor a man got on who said he was Walter F. Gurry of Milwaukee, in the iron pipe and gadgets game. He was very agreeable and fell down with Tom as far as the sixth, and then Tom insisted on taking him back to the eighth. "Well, I'm sure glad I fell in with you, brother," smiled Mr. Gurry affably, as Tom started down again.

CHAPTER SIX

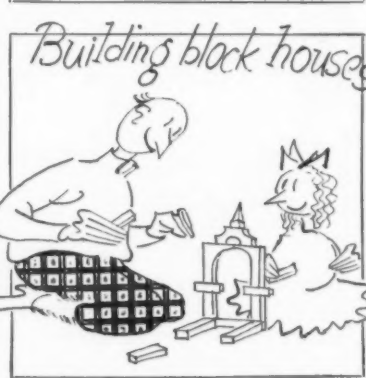
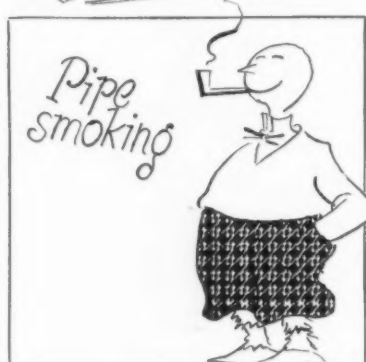
"I GUESS I'd better jump for it," mused Tom, as the ground drew steadily nearer, when suddenly he spied a small speck approaching over the horizon. "Dan Barsted!" he ejaculated.

Now the unsuspecting bully flew directly beneath him, and like a bolt from a Ford Tom dropped on Dan Barsted's neck, bringing the escaping plane to a halt as the faithful Battleship *Oregon* steamed over the ice with Dick and Harry seated on the prow.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the sailors of the *Oregon*, tossing their white hats in the air and cheering lustily. The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys in the Never, Never Land; or, How Tom Found a Courteous Traffic Cop."

And here let us say Good-by.

GOOD-BY.



Fashion Note:

Golf Knickers May be Worn for Everything Except Golf

Confessional

RECORDING Angel, kindly chalk
Me up as one who hates to walk;
And, what is more, I do not like
To stroll, meander, tramp or hike.

I hate to strut and amble, too,
To foot it, plod or shake the shoe,
To toddle, waddle, strike a gait,
To saunter or perambulate.

I know, of course, that there are cases
When one must walk to get to places,
But I, for pleasure, never bother
To put one foot before the other.

Yet there are those who find elation
Placing their feet in this relation,
And make up games like golf or camp-
ing,
Just for the sake of endless tramping.

No; write in Doomsday Book that I
Will swim or sail or ride or fly
Or sit before the fire and talk,
But not, if I can help it, walk;

And add to this appalling truth
That never, even in my youth,
Have I, in all the miles I've hiked it,
Pretended that I really liked it.

Roger Burlingame.

Those Master's Bedrooms

I HAVE always wanted to sleep in a
master's bedroom. I wonder if it
will ever be my luck. To die in one
would be simply too much.

My acquaintance with master's bed-
rooms is a purely literary one. It
arose originally from a fatal habit of
reading the advertisements of country
houses. If there is any more alluring
occupation, I do not know it. I once
read of a house that sported ten mas-
ter's bedrooms. When those rooms
were all occupied, that would make ten

Traffic Cop: I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT I'VE GOT TO TAG YOUR CAR. YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS?

The Sweet Young Thing: CERTAINLY. NOW I CHASE SOMEBODY ELSE AND TAG
THEM AND THEN THEY'RE "IT."

masters. Think of that! What would
they be saying to one another? How
would the question of precedence be
settled? If ever I have a chance to
meet a master—alone—I hope I shall
have had time to practice up before-
hand. As for ten of them all at once—

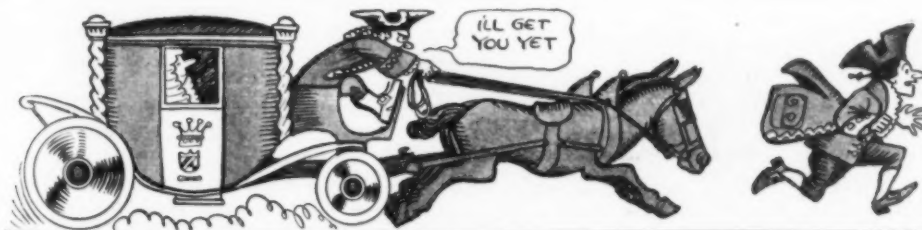
oh, boy! If this happened, I should
want them accompanied by their several
wives. Think of ten masters, all
groveling!
T. L. M.

HIM: Haven't we met before?
HER: Kiss me and I'll see.



A Brief History of the Human Race

Vol. III: A.D. 1750





SEPTEMBER 24, 1925

VOL. 86. 2238

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

COLONEL MITCHELL'S outcries in the papers over the loss of the Shenandoah

and his imputations of ignorance and incapacity to the officials in control of American aviation are all timely now. The details of what he says don't greatly matter, but he has been saying these many months that the officers in charge of flying in this country did not know their business; that the Navy Department in this particular was incompetent; that the flying men ought to be in a separate department. When the Shenandoah smashed up and the airplane that started for Honolulu was lost, of course it gave point to Colonel Mitchell's remonstrances. Very few of us know anything about aeronautics or have any judgment as to what was wrong about the Shenandoah. We read what Captain Anton Heinen has to say. We notice that his remarks sound sensible. We contemplate Colonel Mitchell's impassioned outcries. We read what Mrs. Lansdowne says about her husband's anticipation of disaster, and what Secretary Wilbur says in response. About all these matters we have no judgment that is entitled to respect, but we want to know. If the air service is not in proper hands we want to see it put in proper hands. In human affairs, disaster is the usual price of improvement. We don't want these stunning disasters in aviation to pass without securing the improvement that should follow them.

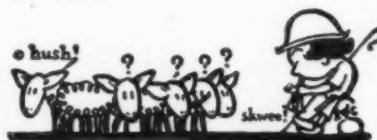
About that, the Administration doubtless feels as the rest of us do,

and Congress will certainly feel so (which may be one reason why Colonel Mitchell has not, up to this writing, been arrested and shut up), and the prospect is pretty good that the Shenandoah, wrecked, will still serve the country, and the lives lost with her not be wasted!



A GOOD deal as one feels about the Shenandoah he feels about the murder of the Daly child. That, too, was a disaster, and evidently avertible if taken in time, since the youth who killed her had shown repeated signs of murderous madness, and had several times been put under restraint, and ought of course to have been kept there.

But it is expensive, as well as troublesome and painful, to keep a member of one's family in a crazy-house; whereas, let him go loose until he is caught in a crime, and the State assumes all the charges and all the responsibility. Evidently it is cheaper as well as easier to let *dementia præcox* take its course. If any one aspires to improve the law about it, let him consider where the responsibility lies for the conduct of irresponsible persons, and apply more pressure there.



AN international spiritualist congress is under way at this writing in Paris. Our newspapers report its

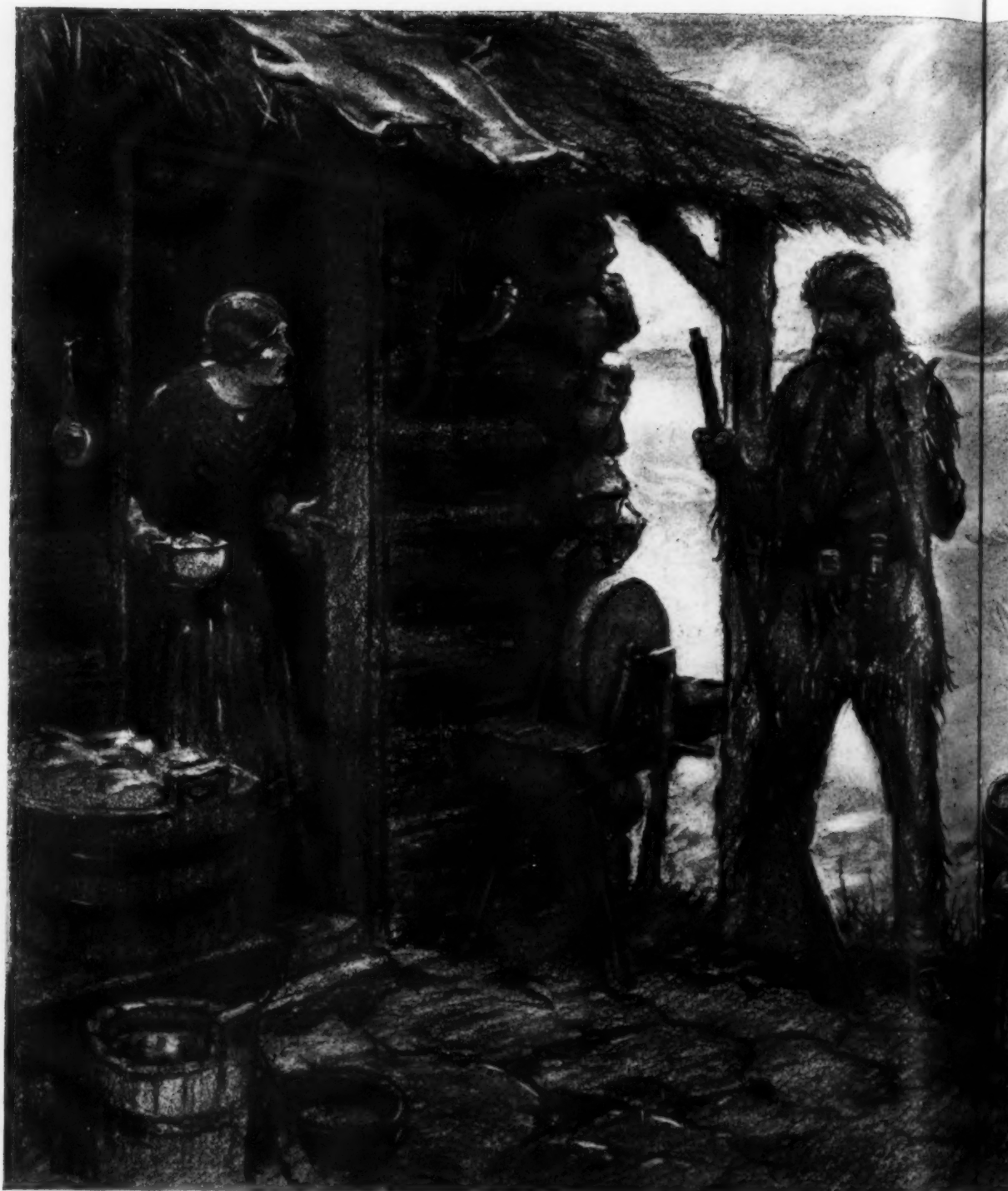
proceedings. The most familiar figure in it is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of whom the correspondent of the *World* says that he and other leaders "do not conceal their intention of persuading the world to accept spiritualism as a new religion, affording proof of the immortality of the soul and...furnishing a rational view of the destinies of the human race."

One of Sir Arthur's spiritualist books is called "The New Revelation." All the same, it may be doubted that he is putting out spiritualism as a new religion. His attitude about that has corresponded in the main with that of Sir Oliver Lodge, who is the leader among the living expounders of spiritualism, and who certainly does not think of it as a new religion, but rather as a pursuit that is adding to knowledge and likely to revitalize the religions that we already have. He talked at some length about this very matter in the August number of the *Forum*. Most Spiritualists, he says, accept Christianity and those who "hold aloof from religious services, and seek to found a religion of their own, have been repelled, not by the genuine essence of Christianity, but by superposed ecclesiasticism and dogma and other forms of human organization." Of these he says: "I think they are unwise. The Church is an organization of great value."

All religions pretty much take notice of the invisible world, and think of it as closely related to human life. But not all of them live their creeds in that respect. Protestant Christianity in the last generation or two has fallen off a good deal in its confidence in immortality and in its concern for most other things that relate to the world invisible. If current spiritualism avails to bring belief in these particulars back to what it was even three or four generations ago, it will do a very timely job.

That Doyle, as the *World* correspondent says, considers that spiritualism affords proof of the immortality of the soul, that it explains the mysteries of life, diminishes or abolishes the fear of death and furnishes a rational view of the destinies of the human race, is all well known and accords with what one reads of him, but that he aims to establish a "new religion" seems doubtful, and though it may be true, it seems more likely that as to that he would agree with Lodge.

E. S. Martin.



"Mandy, it looks like travel is getting too heavy 'round here for comfort."



or comfort. I see another o' them covered wagons crossin' at the ford to-day."



Chiefly Cheers

IN spite of our gruff exterior and snarling bravado, we are really very much afraid of people who write in and bawl us out for sending them to plays which didn't please them. We can face the others—the ones who complain that we have been ugly toward plays which they have found worthy, but those clients who begin their letters, "Thanks to you, you sap. I spent the worst evening of my life last night at the Freejus Theatre," give us a rather uncomfortable few minutes, we must admit. For when you like a play, you drop your guard and are wide open, with eager smile and head thrust forward, an easy target for the first rough boy in the neighborhood.



WE must have picked up some of the belligerent spirit of the characters in "Outside Looking In," however, for, in recommending it, we are fully aware of the fact that a great many readers of this family paper will not like it, and our feeling now is that nothing could be of less importance to us. You have a perfect right not to like "Outside Looking In," but if you don't like it, don't come whining around this department looking for your money back or you will get a good swift glancing blow almost anywhere.



YOU may object to "Outside Looking In" because the tramps use tramp-language. If that is your objection, you needn't bother to make it, because we shall be reading a book and won't even look up to acknowledge it. We know you and your ilk.

You may not like it because people aren't rushing in and out of doors all the time carrying bits of plot with them. "Formless," may be the way you will express it. All right. That's one of the things *we like*, and what are you going to do about it? You can go take a paper-chase around the Reservoir for yourself.

And we won't concede that any one who has the discernment and civilization even to glance at this page could possibly object to the play on the ground that it deals with unpleasant and unsavory characters whose lives had much better remain a closed book to decent-minded citizens. We refuse to believe that *any* one would seriously offer this objection now that it has been definitely established that

the world really *is* round and revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it.



WHICH brings us to a statement of our reasons for liking "Outside Looking In." It sounds true, in the first place. We haven't yet been a hobo, but Jim Tully has, and he wrote "Beggars of Life," from which Maxwell Anderson fashioned the play, and he assisted at rehearsals. Any one complaining on the ground that tramps don't talk or act that way will have to present credentials of the road antedating Mr. Tully's. It has drama, in the second place. We know that, because we felt it. It has novelty, in the third place, and that alone would make it for us. And in the fourth and a highly important place, it is as perfect a piece of casting in its two leading male rôles as we have ever seen. Wherever Mr. MacGowan found two red-heads like Charles Bickford and James Cagney, who were evidently born to play *Oklahoma Red* and *Little Red*, he was guided by the hand of the Casting God. Mr. Bickford's characterization is the first important one of the year and is likely to remain at the top for some time, while Mr. Cagney, in a less spectacular rôle, makes a ten-minute silence during his mock-trial scene something that many a more established actor might watch with profit. Blyth Daly renders the difficult single female rôle plausible, and out of eleven tramps only one sounds or looks like an actor. If we haven't explained why we liked "Outside Looking In," we probably never can.



JUMPING from the box-car of a fast freight to the ground is an easy transition compared with jumping from "Outside Looking In" to "Oh! Mama," the French farce comedy which is at present engaging the high talents of Alice Brady. It is pretty unfair to "Oh! Mama" even to mention the two comedies on the same page; so we will let it go with a short cheer for Miss Brady and an admonition, if you go to see it, to listen carefully to Miss Mildred Florence say "Thank you" three times in succession at the end of the first act. She does very well by them.

But there goes the bell; so we must close now.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Aloma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—The heated term in Love Land.

Canary Dutch. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

The Dagger. *Longacre*—To be reviewed next week.

Desire Under the Elms. *Cohan's*—What a New England farmer thinks about.

The Dove. *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in what usually happens on the Mexican border.

First Flight. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed later.

Harvest. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

The Mud Turtle. *Bijou*—A waitress's revenge, aided by the hand of God. The best thing Helen MacKellar has had for some time.

The Sea Woman. *Little*—Dirty work in a lighthouse.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Leo Carrillo and Glenn Anders in a prize-winning play of confused parenthood.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

White Cargo. *Wallack's*—What the hot sun did to heap big white man.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Aw, shut up!

All Dressed Up. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed next week.

Arms and the Man. *Guild*—To be reviewed later.

The Book of Charm. *Comedy*—Pleasant.

The Bride Retires. *Masine Elliott's*—Well, it seems there was a married couple—

Brother Elks. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

Courting. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—To be reviewed next week. Looks like a big week next week, eh?

The Enchanted April. *Morosco*—A worthy but not quite successful attempt to bring the book to the stage.

The Fall of Eve. *Booth*—Pretty thin sledging.

The Family Upstairs. *Gaiety*—Another comedy of home-life.

The Gorilla. *Selwyn*—Buckety-buckety burlesque melodrama.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—A knowledge of prizefighting is not necessary in order to laugh at this.

The Jazz Singer. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

The Kiss in the Taxi. *Ritz*—Arthur Byron making one of those French things funny.

Love's Call. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Mister Pie-Eye. *National*—To be reviewed later.

Oh! Mama. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

Outside Looking In. *Greenwich Village*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Good entertainment and an exciting track meet.

Spring Fever. *Ambassador*—Especially for golfers.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Worth seeing if only for the Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Remember a guy named Al Jolson? Well, he's in it.

Captain Jinks. *Martin Beck*—A tuneful version of the old Clyde Fitch play.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed later.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—A show which started out to be esoteric and grew popular in spite of itself.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—When you've said Chic Sale, you've said it all.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—The past season in clever burlesque.

June Days. *Central*—Only fair.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol in a beautiful show.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—New York's first chance to see this.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*. Just about as nice as they come.

Scandals of 1925. *Apollo*—George White's.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's*—Singing that is singing.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll*—Julius Tannen and the girls.



THE STREETS ARE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Driver (to pedestrian, an eminent publicist and author of several scientific works): HEY, DODO! ARE YOUSE TRYIN' TO TAKE A NAP ON DE STREET? SHAKE YER DOGS—NO BRAINS! NO BRAINS!



The Golfer-Motorist: DURN
THE LUCK, WHY DO I KEEP ON
SLICING?

A Prayer for Pedestrians

O CHIEF TRAFFIC OFFICER,
We thank thee for delivering us
safely across another street. The way
was long, manifold dangers beset us
upon all sides, since it was not a one-
way thoroughfare. But in that dark-
est hour when we felt sure that taxi-
cab would get us, thou didst give
strength to our limbs, speed to our
get-away, distance to our leap, and a
firm spot for our landing. For this
and all thy other gifts, we thank thee!

Forgive us our jay-walking and our
disregard of traffic signals. Lead us
into the paths of safety zones, but fail
not to keep our eyes peeled for the
driver—thrice cursed—to whom safety
zones are as nought. Let our medi-
tations be upon the present problem of
getting back safely to our homes in-

stead of upon some far-distant wool-
gathering expedition. For, next to a
wooden leg, an absent mind is least to
be desired among harassed pedestrians.

Show us thy way, O Officer, and let
not thy whistle blast o'ertake us in the
very midst of the busy crossing. For
there are drivers—legions of them—
who leap forward at the first pipe of
the signal, heedless of us, thy poor
children. And if a driver trespass
upon us, unhinging our ribs, forgive
him not; for he knows darn well
what he's doing. Amen!

John C. Emery.

TEACHER: Johnny, do you know
the four seasons of the year?

JOHNNY: Yes'm—straw hat, raccoon
coat, red flannel, and goloshes.

A Motorist's Description

Pestiferous
Erratic
Dodging
Exasperating
Stupid
Tantalizing
Reckless
Ignorant
Aggressive
Neurotic
Superfluous

From a Club Chair

THE difference between a shopgirl
and a lady is the difference between
the movies and the theatre. Silence
makes the sins seem less than they
are.

* * *

It seems to be the newest thing to
grow old disgracefully.

* * *

No good American would think of
dying these days before he goes to
Paris.

* * *

It takes three generations of leisure
to produce a son able to forget that he
is wearing a top hat.

* * *

The great evil of Prohibition is that
it has made drinking a duty.

* * *

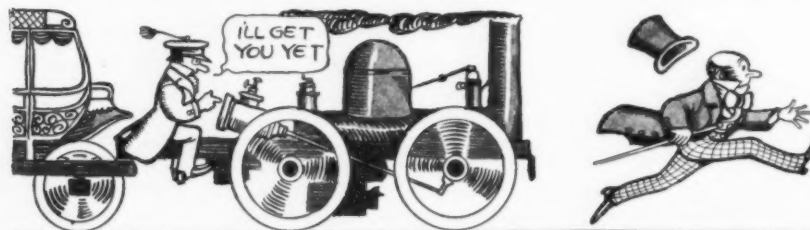
Conventions, in bridge as in life, are
most valuable to those who know when
to disregard them.

James Kevin McGuinness.

The Artful Dodger

"JENKINS is a marvel. He can
walk right into the traffic and cross
the street without being hit."

"Nothing marvelous about that. Jen-
kins has been practicing on a public
golf links."





A STROKE OF GENIUS

Ballade of Returning Vacationists

"THIS Europe stuff is a lot of bunk;
We did their ruins from A to Z."
"Say, Bill, did I tell ya the putt I sunk?"
"I want you to look at these views. Now, see,
The one who's holding the fish—that's me!"
"Would you ever believe, on a farm—canned fruits!"
"Now what did we do with the back-door key?"
"We simply *lived* in our bathing-suits."
"Gosh, but the roads in that State are punk!"
"Look at my nose where it's peeling. Gee!"
"Well, it wasn't the *worst* that I've ever drunk."
"We both had friends in Schenectady."
"Yes, Junior sat on a bumble-bee."
"That Sea-weed Inn is a place for plutes;
I told 'em that only the air was free."
"We simply *lived* in our bathing-suits."

"The wife was great on collecting junk
From places that peddle antiques and tea."
"I'm tired of dressing out of a trunk."
"She'd two men always, and sometimes three."
"Now who in the world could expect that we
Should know they were poison-ivy roots?"
"Come, show Aunt Jane where you hurt your knee."
"We simply *lived* in our bathing-suits."

L'ENVOI

"Prince, was I seasick? No-siree!
It wasn't the ship, you can bet your boots.
I just ate something that didn't agree."
"We simply *lived* in our bathing-suits."

Kenneth Allan Robinson.

FOOLS rush into a dance club, whether there is any room
for them to tread or not.



Country Constable: WHAT'S HE DONE? WHAT'S HE DONE? WHY, THE FELLER'S crazy. I CAUGHT HIM DOWN ALONG THE MAIN ROAD; HE SAID HE WAS WALKIN' FOR PLEASURE!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

September 17th Driving down the Avenue on my way to the shops this morning, I did gaze upwards during a halt in the traffic and behold the sign "Peter Thomson, Tailor" on a window, and was minded of the days when exactly at this season I was fitted to one of his sailor-collared dresses. I would not go back to them, however, for albeit youth is surcharged with considerable irresponsible gaiety, it is also mixed up in my remembrance with trigonometry and Latin prose, for neither of which I had much enthusiasm. The only figuring I do now is to determine when the variable prices on Third Avenue approach a limit which drives me to the Queensboro market, and the only indirect discourse I encounter is the aim-

less chatter of subtle cronies and the printed reactions of the fourth dimensional novelists, both of which, thank God, I can take or leave, as I will... For a fitting on of my new brown balbriggan, at some pains not to burst into tears when I saw how they had set in the sleeves, but the designer did implore me to trust her judgment, which, in view of the sum I am laying out for exactly that, it were inconsistent folly not to do... Sam and I alone at a fine dinner of garlicked lamb and afterwards we did amuse ourselves by defining various terms. A conservative, said I, is a woman who fastens the gaps in Pullman curtains with safety-pins. No, quoth Sam, a conservative is a man who doesn't finish his drink when he doesn't want any more of it.

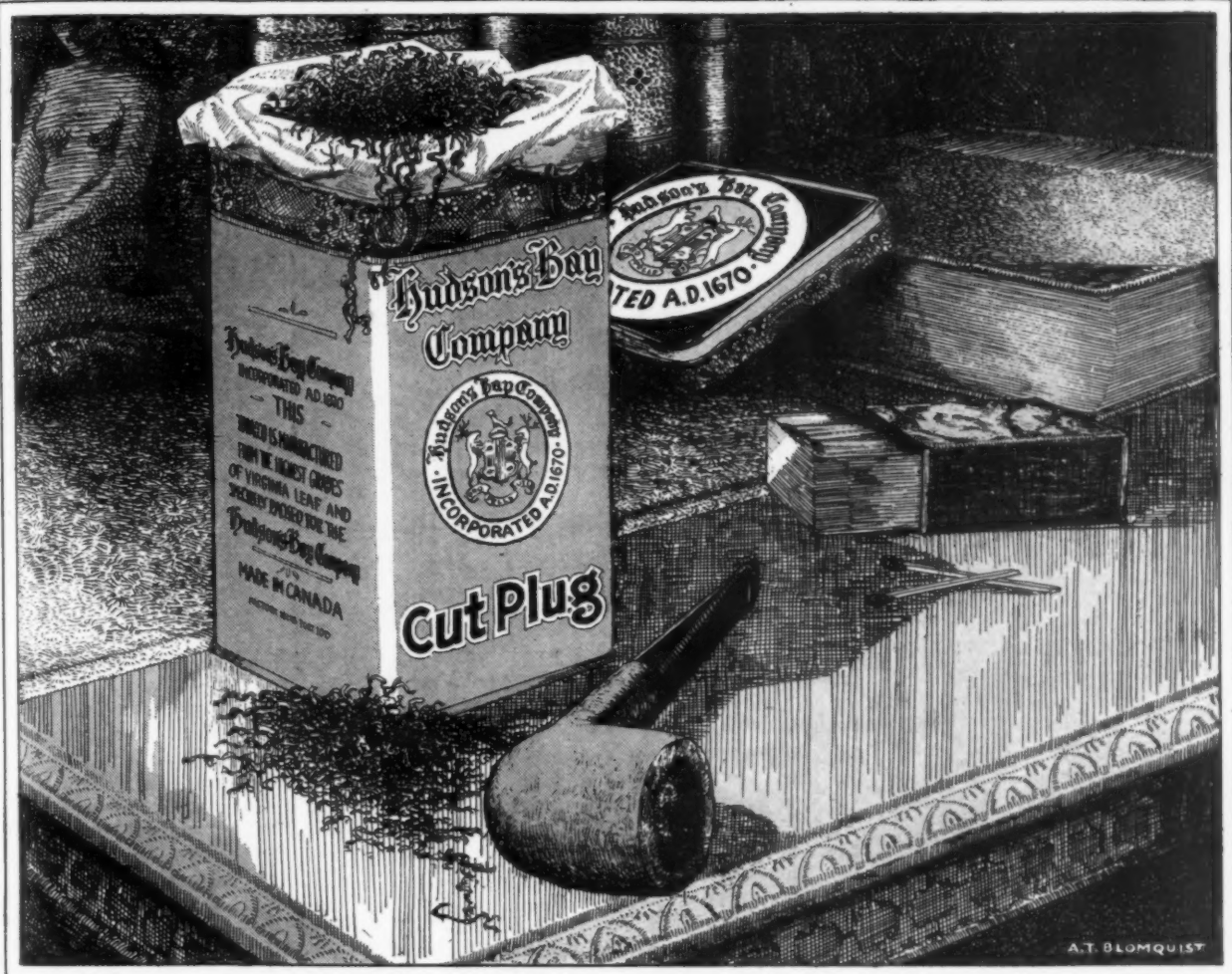
Baird Leonard.

A Brief History of the Human Race

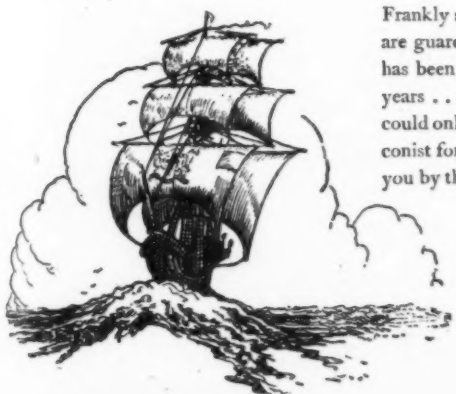
Vol. V: A.D. 1925



S P O N S O R E D B Y H A R G R A F T



The World's Oldest Company Presents the World's Finest Tobaccos



The voyage of the Nonsuch Ketch in 1668—an early chapter in the history of the great Hudson's Bay Company, whose famous seal still guards the goodness of pipe tobacco.

Frankly speaking, Hudson's Bay Company pipe tobaccos are the finest that can be produced. They are guarded by the reputation of the world's oldest company, whose creed and code since 1670 has been quality. The cream of the tobacco crops of four successive years is aged for four more years . . . longer than any tobacco known to us. It is sprayed with honey, rum—and skill. If words could only convey its flavor and fragrance, this paragraph would send you eagerly to your nearest tobacconist for a package. And if he couldn't supply you, a request to Hargraft & Sons would bring it to you by the returning mail. Don't postpone the most luxurious pipe smoking you have ever known!



IMPERIAL MIXTURE
Rich and mellow

CUT PLUG
Sweet and mild



This sign identifies all Hargraft dealers

FORT GARRY
Full-flavored, cool

TOBACCOS



MR. O'SULLIVAN TRIES OUT A NEW PAIR OF BALLOON RUBBER HEELS

Little Personalities in Big Business

The Treasurer Does His Stuff

"WAITER," calls E. J. Titus, Treasurer of the Sweet Sultan Tractor Company (since 1492, Merchandisers of the Tractor with Some Pull), "bring on the bad news."

"Heh, heh, heh." Three hearty bleats from Puffton P. Parker, Assistant Treasurer, indicate that he has not missed his cue. "Bad news. You're a card, E. J. Heh, heh, heh."

The bill is presented. E. J. gets out his pencil and painstakingly adds up the figures.

"Puffton," he says, tossing over the card, "just check up on that for me." Puffton checks.

"O. K., Chief," says he.

Mr. Titus clears his throat.

"Now, lessee," he begins. "Puffton, you had melon, cutlet, iced coffee and pastry. And cover charge makes \$2.80.

Right? Myron," addressing the Sales Manager, who has been giving an exhibition of Cigar Rolling, "yours was steak and potatoes, coffee, ice cream and cigar...eighteen, carry the one, makes two, lessee, that right?—yes...and cover charge makes \$2.90. That right, huh? And mine, lessee, cantaloupe, croquettes, coffee, cherry pie à la mode...Losing my appetite, huh?"

"Ho, ho, ho," from the Sales Manager.

"Heh, heh, heh," from the Assistant Treasurer.

"Lessee, now," continues "the genius of the Sweet Sultan folks," "had cover charge, cigar, melon, no cantaloupe... jussa minute, waiter...that waiter never is here when you want him, but when the bad news comes around, you bet he's right on the job."

"Heh, heh, heh," from the Assistant Treasurer.

"Ho, ho, ho," from the Sales Manager.

"Myron," continues the man of figures, "yours was \$2.10...jussa minute, that was Puffton...yours was \$2.80, right? Mine was, lessee, cherry pie à la mode, coffee, cigar, cantaloupe...lessee, seven and five...thirteen, carry one... lessee, \$2.10 plus \$2.80, \$4.90. Plus cantaloupe, cherry pie, cover charge à la mode...something off. What say, we split three ways? Take less time. About three dollars apiece, right?"

"Right," says the Sales Manager.

"O. K. with me, Chief," says the Assistant Treasurer.

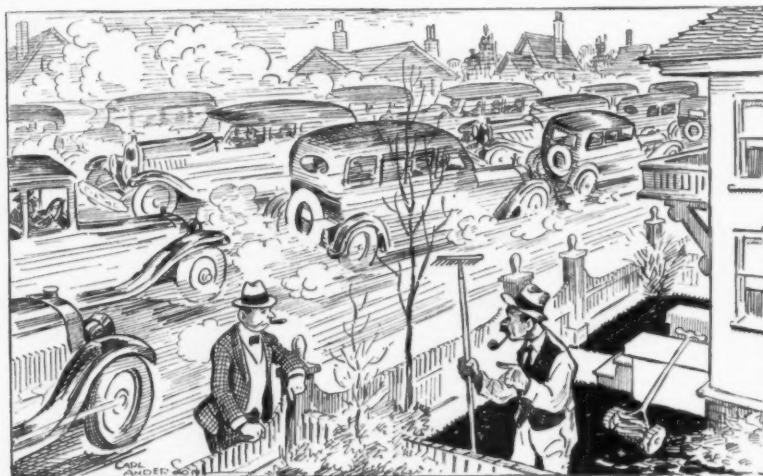
The waiter shuffles off to get change. The Treasurer collects six dollars and folds the bills carefully in his wallet. They smoke in silence.

"Myron," says Mr. Titus, as the waiter brings the change and receives a fifty-cent tip, "what you was saying a while back hits me right between the eyes. I mean about looking out for the little de-tails. I always tell the people in my organization: 'Look out for the little de-tails, and the little de-tails will look out for themselves.' Yes, sir, it don't pay not to be careful about the little de-tails."

"I check with that, Chief," says the Assistant Treasurer.

"Right," says the Sales Manager.

Sterling Patterson.



"WHAT'S BECOME OF YOUR BROTHER BILL, ED?"
"HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR TEN YEARS. HE LIVES ACROSS THE STREET."

SUGGESTED refrain for a song to the Traffic Cop: "Your sign tells me Go-Go but there's Stop-Stop in your eyes."

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you raise your partner's bid and expose
a trickless hand . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a
DEITIES CIGARETTE





AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Heraldry Made Easy

Here is a little exercise in the heraldic art, by which you may test your proficiency. Put into heraldic:

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum."

The correct answer is:

Sixteen men jumpant on chest of corpse
corpsant. One yo, two hos, one bottle best
Jamaica.

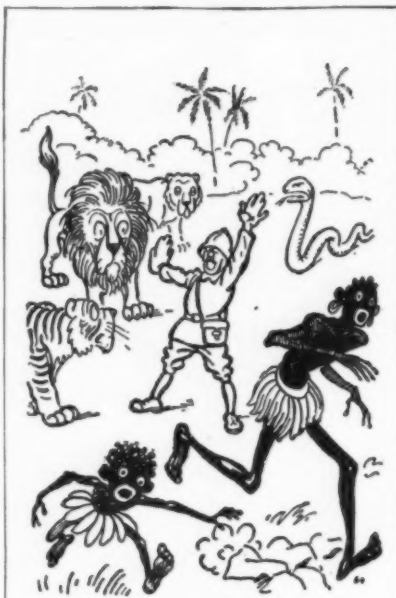
—London Daily News.

How Sad!

From the Dowagiac (Mich.) News:
"James McGillicuddy's Rolls-Royce was
stolen while standing in front of the
county poorhouse, where he was visiting
his aged parents."—Boston Herald.

Definition

Criticism is the art wherewith a critic
tries to guess himself into a share of
an artist's fame.—American Mercury.



THE FORMER TRAFFIC COP GOES
HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE.

—Karikaturen (Oslo).

Distance and Enchantment

(Pago-Pago)

The rain pounded its way through another weak spot in the tin roof and I shifted my seat to the counter.

"Along about next month we ought to have some good weather," I remarked to Smitty, the proprietor of the store.

No answer. Smitty was dozing as usual.

I listened to the patter of the rain for another half hour. It would suddenly increase to a roar and then slacken and recede like waves on a beach.

"Say, Smitty, there was a swell show in New York when I was there and it was supposed to have taken place right here in Pago-Pago."

"Yeah?" Uninterested.

"Yes. They called it 'Rain.'"

"Damn good name for it. Don't see how anybody could make up a show about this hole."—New York World.

Aha, Madame

The best example of poetic justice to date is that of the lady who sharpened a pencil with her husband's razor and then asked him to shave the back of her shingled neck.—Punch.

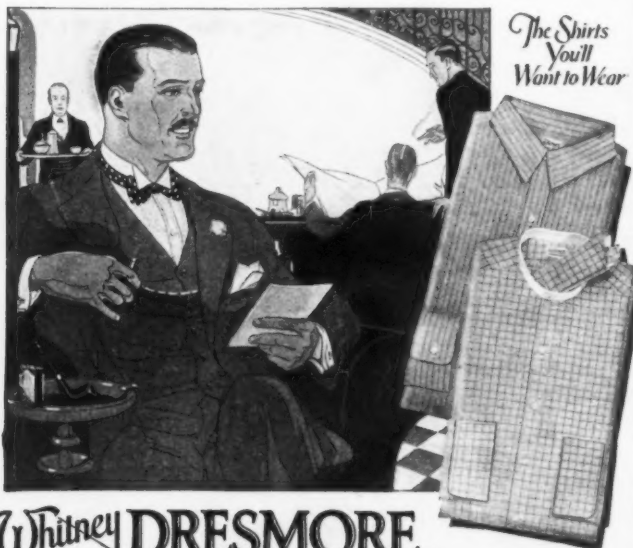
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Whitney DRESMORE
SHIRTS \$3.00 & \$3.50

If you're one of those "generous gents" who'd "give the shirt off his back"—DRESMORE ought to be your steady brand. Its quality will do justice to your judgment; its moderate price will make your charity economical.

WHITNEY DRESMORE patterns are exclusively WHITNEY. Not even a nodding acquaintance with the commonplace. Pastel shades—filigree designs. Matched collars—attached or separate. And think of the price!

Your dealer has the Dresmore in beautiful new broadcloth and madras.

WACHUSETT SHIRT COMPANY
Leominster, Mass.

Creators of the famous Whitney Playmore
Sport Shirt and Junior Playmore For Boys,



ESTABLISHED 1818

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CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

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Autumn Hats
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LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
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DODGE BROTHERS

SPECIAL TYPE-A SEDAN

Affording the comfort of deeply upholstered seats, balloon tires and extra long under-slung springs.

Inspiring the pride that one may take in beautifully designed coach work and smart special equipment.

Assuring years of dependable service, and then—a resale value which bears unanswerable witness to the car's intrinsic worth.





*White teeth
beautifully polished*

**How your Salivary
Glands can be made
to keep your teeth
in perfect condition**

THE shining, healthy teeth you admire can be yours. Cleansed and protected by nature's own method.

Your teeth decay today because the alkaline fluids of your salivary glands no longer counteract all the acids that form in your mouth. Modern soft food does not give your glands enough exercise.

PEBECO corrects this. It gently promotes the flow of your natural alkaline saliva.

With daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands, neutralizing the acids of decay as fast as they form.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., N. Y. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink Products Co. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

FREE OFFER!

Lehn & Fink Products Co., Sole Distributor:
Dept. K-18, 635 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of
Pebeco. Please print name and address plainly.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



*Pebeco keeps your glands active
—your teeth safe*

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Mortal Offense

*(A Contribution to a Perennial
Controversy)*

Not mine to be blaming severely
The faults which your critics condemn;
I rather support you sincerely
In not caring tuppence for them;
Your manners, your speech and your
dressing,
The license you're said to display—
'Tisn't these that I find so distressing,
O Girl of the Day!

Though the censure grows louder and
louder,
And the wrath is no longer concealed
At your public employment of powder
And the lip-stick you openly wield,
Not for these am I eager to visit
My rage on your head (as you say,
It isn't my business, now is it?),
O Girl of the Day!

Though you're prone to extravagant
living,
Though you dance till the rise of the
sun,
No trouble I find in forgiving
Your many transgressions, save one.
I can pardon your being unthrifty,
But not your indifferent way
With a bard who is verging on fifty,
O Girl of the Day!
—T. H., in *The Manchester Guardian*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Competition

A well-known actor delights in telling this story. One evening he was playing to a crowded house, but was much interrupted by the continuous squalling of a child in the gallery. At last the noise grew so unbearable that the actor abandoned his lines and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless this play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on!"

—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Origin of a Theory

When an old farmer was asked if hot weather was really good for the cotton crop he replied: "Well, somebody said so at that time and it was too hot for anybody to deny it and that's how the damned idea got started."

—*New Orleans States*.

EPITAPH in a rural Florida cemetery:
"Tears will not bring her back, therefore we weep."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"I see you've got a new maid."
"My dear, all maids are new."
—*Punch*.



*Milano No. 1761 is
curved, comfortable
and companionable.
It's a perfect exam-
ple of skilled pipe-
craftsmanship.*

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The unseen quality produced by extra effort in the making of a Milano imparts that "something" which is the difference between "just a pipe" and "the sweetest pipe in the world." Because the Milano is skilfully fashioned of the finest briar, a century old, you cannot buy a *better* pipe.

Milano Pipes come in 26 smart styles, smooth finish \$3.50 up; the beautiful Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.

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230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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"The Insured Pipe"

It's a WDC





Robt.
Robinson

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Davey Tree Surgeons are local to you

There are more than 500 Davey Tree Surgeons scattered from Boston to Kansas City, from Canada to the Gulf—all of them in the employ of The Davey Tree Expert Company. These expert professional Tree Surgeons operate locally in the various communities. They are only a few miles away from you at most.

You do not need to take a chance with untrained or irresponsible men for the care of your priceless trees. Davey Tree Surgeons are available at a very reasonable price per hour—the most inexpensive professional service in America. No carfare is charged. You can limit your expenditure. Eighty-one percent of Davey clients pay less than \$200 each—from \$200 down to much smaller amounts. Davey Tree Surgeons will save your trees without guesswork or experiment.

**THE DAVEY TREE
EXPERT COMPANY, INC.,**
274 City Bank Building, Kent, Ohio

Attach this coupon
to your letterhead
and mail today



**THE DAVEY TREE
EXPERT CO., INC.**

274 City Bank Bldg., JOHN DAVEY
Kent, Ohio Father of Tree
Surgery

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and need.

The House That Jan Built

I REMEMBER, before I was half-grown,
I could not see far,
Because all about me stood huge trees.
Axes gnawed at these giants until they
toppled.

Then horses would drag them to a mill.
Keening for their fate,
And they would become straight, bright
planks
To clothe me.

When I stood erect at last, full-statured,
My many eyes shone over a broad
valley

To a far hill, haloed in mist.
People came, men and women,
And walked within me.
Grave men who bowed: sweet ladies
who curtsied;

And I was aflame from all my windows
With the sheen of an hundred candles,
Casting light on the saddled horses,
champing outside.

Laughter sounded from me then,
And for many a year.
Children clambered on my stairways
And slid shouting down my banisters;
Boys and girls grew up and went away
Beyond the hill; beyond the mist.

One day a silence settled on me,
As of a cold, dark night.
Those who came and went
Spoke in hushed, sorrowing tones.
And thereafter I was blind.
Even at midday I could not see without,
And within was grayness.

Now I am alight again
And a-sound with music.
Many men, black-coated, run into my
cellar
And return bearing bottles and foods.
But, even though my sight is returned,
I would rather the dimness.
The voices within me are too loud;
Too extravagant the laughter,
And never does a childish treble ripple
in glee.

My graciousness is departed.
I am coated anew,
Brightly, too brightly.
And at my corners sway gaudy signs,
"Ye Olde Yorke State Inne."

J. K. M.

Specialists

GO-GETTER FOR PRIVATE DETECTIVE
AGENCY: Is this the Limerick Society?
LADY SECRETARY: It is, sir.

GO-GETTER: My card! Tell the Chief
our organization make a specialty of
locating missing lines.

If all else fails, the authors of "true"
yarns can resume writing summer resort
booklets.

FEB. 9th FROM NEW YORK

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE



Why not?

IF YOU CAN GO WITH THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
TRAVEL SYSTEM

And next winter—why not
another step in the field of tra-
vel? See how much this cruise
crowds into 2 months.... You
sail Feb. 9. In a few days, balmy
Madeira. Then, the places
every traveller sees,—Cadiz,
Algiers, Naples, Constanti-
nople. Also the places most
travellers miss,—Lisbon, Bey-
rout, ancient Syracuse, and fairy-
like Venice. Almost 3 weeks
in the Holy Land and Egypt.
64 days in all.... S. S. Empress
of France, chosen twice for
voyages by the Prince of
Wales.... In this itinerary is the
promise. In Canadian Pacific
management will be the ful-
fillment. For the accommo-
dation you wish, at the rate
you wish, please reserve now.

Helpful Literature

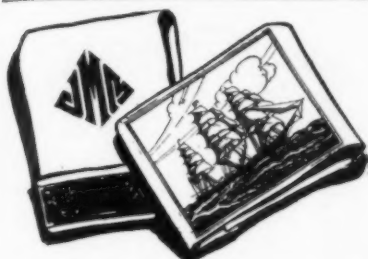
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Individual Matches are distinctive. Matches with your individual design are made only by the Individual Match Corp. and must be ordered by mail. A most appropriate gift for Weddings, Birthdays and Holidays.

This clipper ship is a most popular design, or send us a snapshot of your home, dog, boat or bookplate, and we will reproduce it, with a name or a monogram on the cover.

500 Books for \$12.00
1000 Books for \$17.50

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250 Books for \$8.50

Please send check with order. Samples and decorative designs free on request.

INDIVIDUAL MATCH CORPORATION
Dept. B 350 Madison Ave. New York

How to Avoid Accidents

- Look right.
- Look left.
- Look for the colored lights.
- Look at the traffic cop.
- Look at the driver; he may not be following the rules.
- Look at the white lines.
- Look for the safety zones.
- Stay off the streets.

Lesson on a Pedestrian

THIS harmless person is a pedestrian. For appropriate slang synonyms see any of the comic strips in any of the liberally pictorial newspapers. Anything opprobrious will do, because you will usually be out of hearing when he collects his person and his wits from the place where you have knocked him down. He is always in the wrong. If he is seriously hurt and the police are acting officiously, remember to say that he, the poor — (use something strong and expressive in the blank), deliberately stepped in front of your car. Or he wasn't crossing from sidewalk to sidewalk at the proper angle. Or he was blinking at the wrong time.

Important: Some one is sure to have the fun of bumping him off and it might as well be you. E. L.



Safe Milk and Diet

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc. Avoid Imitations



Here's an Ad that wins men by its fairness

Don't buy yet—wait till the 10-day tube we send you proves its case

GENTLEMEN:

Palmolive Shaving Cream is today the leader in its field.

Yet we urge men not to buy it before they try it.

Our whole case rests on a 10-day tube that we send, free, for a test.

On that basis we have won the world to this new creation.

Men by the millions are flocking to it. Its success is a business sensation.

Give us ONE chance

We realize you are probably wedded to another shaving cream.

But, as expert soap-makers (we make Palmolive Soap, you know, the world's leading toilet soap), we know a fair comparison 80 times in 100 will win you.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a unique creation. There is no other like it.

It embodies the four great essentials 1000 men expressed as their supreme desires in a shaving cream—plus a fifth, strong bubbles, the most important of all.

60 years of soap and skin study stand behind it.

130 formulas were tested and discarded before the right one came.

10 days of its delights, we believe, will win you to our side.

Now as a courtesy to us, will you mail the coupon and accept those 10 shaves free?

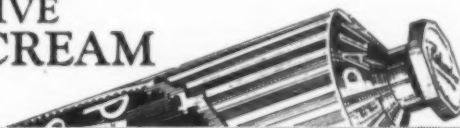
5 New Joys

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before:

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5 Palm and olive oils bring one fine after-effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1062, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION



COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. **Four out of five** people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N.Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
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Clark's 4 Famous Cruises

By Cunard line, new oil-burners

Jan. 20, Around the World Cruise
westward. 128 days, \$1250 to \$3000.

Jan. 30, Mediterranean Cruise

62 days, \$600 to \$1700.

Feb. 4, South America with Rio
and Buenos Aires; 50 days, \$550 to \$1250.

June 30, 1926, Norway
and Western Mediterranean; 53 days, \$550 to \$1300.

Rates include hotel, drives, guides, fees.
Longest experienced cruise management.
Established 30 years.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York



Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has solved the problem of removing unwanted hair pleasantly, without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild, dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50c per tube. 35,000 Drug and Dept. stores sell Neet. Money back if it fails to please you.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

TRY IT

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$294,468.13, and has given a fortnight in the country to 47,647 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged	\$29,478.10
Dorothy P. Hall, Baltimore, Md.	5.00
Captain Dingle, Halifax, N. S.	3.00
Wm. Marriott Cady, Philadelphia	15.00
Mrs. P. M. Stimson, Chamonix, France	10.00
Mary Margaret Culbertson, Glacier National Park	15.00
George E., Jr., Howard and Jean Nicholson, Boonton, N. J.	30.00
Wells Fargo Ostrander, 10th Birthday Contribution, Seattle, Wash.	25.00
"The Twins—Albany, N. Y."	15.00
D. W. B., New York	48.00
Margaret W. Newcomer, Kinderhook, N. Y.	25.00
Robert and James Ewing Walker, Loon Lake, N. Y.	15.00
Margaret B. Woolworth, Scranton, Pa.	30.00
C. W. Kellogg, Chestnut Hill, Mass.	15.00
Proceeds of the annual Circus conducted by Marian, Peggy, Katherine, Eleanor and Carolyn Churchill at Penn Yan, N. Y.	16.65
Capt. Frederic J. Evans, Whiteface, N. Y.	50.00
Cecil W. Scott, Johnston, S. C.	5.00
"In Memory of Edward Revere Little," Boston, Mass.	50.00
Anonymous, Spartanburg, S. C.	2.00
Esther Wright, Portland, Me.	10.00
Dorothy Wright, Portland, Me.	10.00
Isabel T. Tyler, Haverford, Pa.	30.00
Margaret Miller, Bradford, Pa.	15.00
Arthur E. Bishop, Schenectady, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. Helene Mattern, North Sutton, N. H.	15.00
Lucy Maxwell, Port Lyde, Me.	6.00
Rob Roy Clan by Betty Lighton, Fayetteville, Ark.	3.00
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Yvonne L. Guilbert, Morristown, Minn.	2.00
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J. Russell Jones, Hong Kong, China	50.00
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"A Widow's Mite," Chestnut Hill, Mass.	5.00
In Memory of J. M. G., Stamford, Conn.	5.00
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Mrs. J. J. Earley, Valley City, N. D.	5.00
Hannah J. Hubbell, Canon City, Colo.	10.00
M. C., Los Angeles	5.00
"In Memory of A. M. B."	15.00
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Barbara Alice Barnard, Bay Head, N. J.	1.00
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In Memory of S. H. B., New Castle, Pa.	15.00
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Lillian Hull, Santa Barbara, Calif.	10.00
Steve and Marian Bartell, Perkins, Calif.	5.00
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J. F. J., Santa Barbara, Calif.	5.00
Agnes H. Kolstad, Duluth, Minn.	5.00

\$30,265.75

Acknowledged With Thanks

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt at the Camps of shoes and clothing from Hamilton Coit, Portsmouth, Va.; S. S., New York City; Mrs. Robt. R. Griswold, Binghamton, N. Y.; M. H. Ralt Keis, Hartford, Conn.; H. A. Hawthorne, Danbury, Conn.; Mrs. M. L. Chase, Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Miss E. Eaton Wagner, Bradford, Pa.; Mrs. C. F. McCullough, Greenville, S. C.; Mrs. Oscar M. Flater, Nashua, N. H.; Betty Young, Alameda, Cal.; E. S. Chaplin, Brookline, Mass.; E. S. Coit, Portsmouth, Va.; V. C. Anderson, Meadowville, N. Y.; Dana Sexton, Hazlehurst, Miss.; Mrs. F. W. Baker, Detroit, Mich.

If shaving leaves your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

1638 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly for tender skins



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

An Appealing Beauty

A velvety skin and complexion of radiant beauty. An alluring appearance so appealing, you'll enjoy universal adoration.

White - Flesh - Rachel

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

85 yrs. IN USE

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



Among the New Books

The Professor's House. By Willa Cather (*Knopf*). One of our best and most reliable novelists has an off day. To be reviewed later.

The Misty Flats. By Helen Woodbury (*Little, Brown*). The story of a girl who was sacrificed to her mother's selfishness.

Parade. By Emily Post (*Funk & Wagnalls*). The authority on etiquette steps out with a novel of contemporary New York society. To be reviewed later.

An Octave. By Jeffery E. Jeffery (*Little, Brown*). A hectic and, if you're not too fed up on English family life, rather amusing week in the life of a London publisher. 12294

Sex at Choice. By Mrs. Monteith Erskine (*Putnam*). Scientific preliminaries to the announcement, "It's a boy."

Firecrackers. By Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). A brilliant novel about nothing and everything in which the author makes it plain even to the uninitiated that he has never been standing on tip-toe.

Acquittal. By Helen Simpson (*Knopf*). Proving that it isn't always beer and skittles after the jury lets you off.

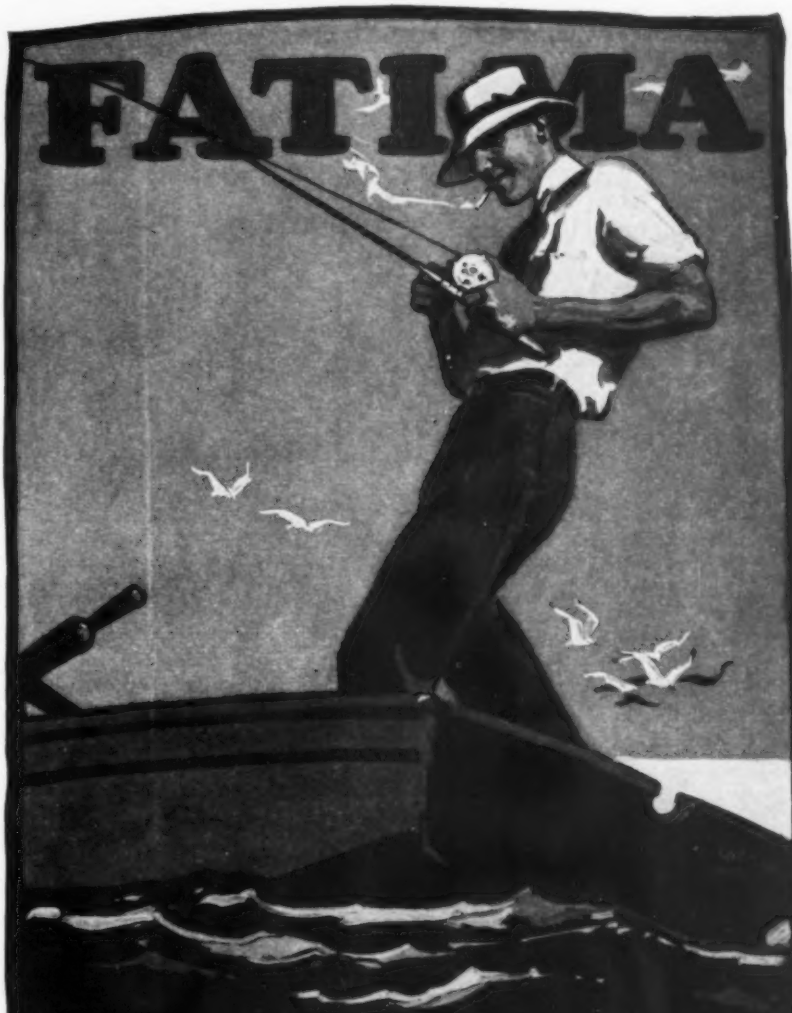
The Monkey House. By J. D. Beresford (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A psychological skirmish between the gentry and the villagers in which my sympathy, contrary to the author's intention, is largely with the latter.

Caravan. By John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). Collected short stories—and some are about the *Forsytes*, too.

The Red Lamp. By Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doran*). Mystery stuff handled by an expert.

The Perennial Bachelor. By Anne Parrish (*Harper*). The life history of a sheltered male, with a background as rich as a Renaissance tapestry.

The Crystal Cup. By Gertrude Atherton (*Boni & Liveright*). From



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B. V. D.'s to chiffon, with considerable reference to hormones.

The Great Pandolfo. By William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). Some day I must read "The Beloved Vagabond."

The Unhurrying Chase. By H. F. M. Prescott (*Dodd, Mead*). A novel that comes from England with good credentials. To be reviewed later.

Arnold Bennett. By Mrs. Arnold Bennett (*Adelphi Co.*). *Quelle chance!*

A Virgin Heart. By Remy de Gourmont. Translated by Aldous Huxley (*Adelphi*). A novel about the subtlety of innocence.

The Reluctant Duchess. By Alice Duer Miller (*Dodd, Mead*). A pleasant little story that should please people on Pullmans and in hospitals.

Samuel Drummond. By Thomas Boyd (*Scribner*). Simple characters fictionized against a Civil War background by the author of "Through the Wheat."

From Immigrant to Inventor. By Michael Pupin (*Scribner*). The famous electrician's autobiography has proved popular enough to justify this reprinting. B. L.

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